

The Coming Day.

MARCH, 1894.

THE UNIVERSAL CHURCH.

(SPOKEN AT CROYDON).

THE two studies on the Universal God and the Universal Religion naturally lead on to a third on the Universal Church, and to that I invite your consideration now. That phrase, "the Universal Church," I shall have to use in an entirely unconventional sense. In the Book of Common Prayer the Church is defined as "a congregation of faithful men," but unfortunately this is followed by narrowing restrictions, which at once produce or suggest, not a Church at all, but a sect. I purpose, however, to drop those restrictions, and even to drop the word "congregation," retaining just the words, "faithful men," or, better still, faithful human beings: the Universal Church, thus understood, consisting of all faithful men, women, and children,—or all who are true for the time being to the highest and the best, in Christian or so-called heathen lands. I endorse with all my heart the generous words of that great Churchman, F. W. Robertson, whose churchmanship was lost in his humanity :—

There is a Church on earth larger than the limits of the Church visible ; larger than Jew, or Christian, or the Apostle Peter dreamed : larger than our narrow hearts dare to hope even now. " They shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the Kingdom of Heaven." The North American Indian who worshiped the Great Spirit, and was thereby sustained in a life more dignified than the more animalised men amongst his countrymen ; the Hindoo who believed in the Rest of God, and, in his imperfect way, tried to " enter into rest," not forgetting benevolence and justice—these shall come, while " the children of the kingdom "—men who, with

greater light, only did as much as they— " shall be cast out." These, with an innumerable multitude whom no man can number, out of every kingdom, and tongue, and people, have entered into that Church which has passed through the centuries, absorbing silently into itself all that the world ever had of great, and good, and noble. They were those who fought the battle of good against evil in their day, penetrated into the invisible from the thick shadows of darkness which environed them, and saw the open vision which is manifested to all, in every nation who fear God and work righteousness ; to all, in other words, who live devoutly towards God, and by love towards man.

But this conception of the Universal Church carries us beyond all so-called religions altogether, and lands us in a definition upon which I must now venture. The Universal Church I would define, then, as that part of the human race which enjoys helping on the general improvement and happiness of the world, or which is struggling towards that. That will include in God's Universal Church all men's sectarian churches, and multitudes of human beings beyond them all. It includes as in the Church not only the Bishop of London and General Booth, but the Old Kent Road churchless costermonger who is proud of his donkey and his child, and does his best to make both respectable and happy; for the Universal Church is God's world, and all are in it who are helping Him to make it "arise and shine," whether they "call upon the name of the Lord" or not.

Of course this, when logically applied to current notions, is an almost universal solvent. It dissolves immediately all sectarian and ecclesiastical pretensions about "the one true Church." There is no such thing. The Established Church is no more the one true Church than the Roman Catholic Church, or the Salvation Army, or the costermongers in the Old Kent Road. In fact, a Church may be true one day and false the next, just as a child may be good in the morning and naughty in the afternoon. And, indeed, there have been times when the Established Church was not as true a part of the Universal Church as are now the costermongers of the Old Kent Road, for these rough men, in their way, are, as a rule, good-natured and companionable, but the Established Church for long years was spiteful and wicked in imprisoning and mutilating and even killing good men and women who dared to differ from it in mere opinion. And we know what the Roman Catholic Church has been in relation to imprisoning and mutilation and murder. And it is the sheerest superstition to say that a Church is made a true Church by apostolic descent, or by the custody of the sacraments, or by the teaching of the creeds. That is only a kind of fetichism or magic-mongering, and has no relation to anything practical and real. In the sphere of realities a given church is in no wise different from any other association. It is always on trial, and ought always to be taken on its merits. If it is a persecuting church, for instance, it puts itself out of the Universal Church, which is a company of "faithful men," and it has no intrinsic sanctity which can make it anything different from a persecuting court or a persecuting political party, for moral and spiritual realities can never be affected by ceremonial and functional ones. In like manner, a priest is in precisely the same position as a prince, or a statesman, or a newspaper editor, or the secretary of a trade union, or the lessee of a theatre. In each case, utility, humanity, purity, determine the position in relation to the Church. How can it be otherwise if we are talking about the vital realities, and if moral and spiritual things are supreme?

Precisely the same thing is true of each one of us. There is no such thing as being in the true Church once for all. The old Calvinistic notion,

"once in grace always in grace," is as bad in philosophy as it is false in religion. And the same thing is true as to what is called "salvation." How can there be any salvation that stands good whatever happens? You may be saved on Monday and lost on Tuesday—and saved again on Wednesday. How can it be otherwise? Salvation is no acquittal by a court, it is a moral and spiritual condition. So, then, the true idea of the Universal Church dissolves all this pernicious nonsense which sets up anything above the vital reality of one's moral and spiritual condition.

But something else is dissolved. The fiction that all Christian churches combined form the one true Church is dissolved. The Universal Church is "pagan" as well as Christian. That will be to some a hard saying, but it seems to me to be severely logical and absolutely true. Did you read that remarkable conversation between a Persian ambassador and a Broad Church clergyman concerning the efforts made to convert the heathen? According to the prevailing Gospel of Christendom, that Persian ambassador was a heathen. But listen to him :

"The condition of our Asiatic masses," said he, "full of degraded superstition, needing so much that your civilisation might give them, is always weighing on my mind. You make no progress with us. And why? Your dogmas spoil all. You want to raise other nations: you send them missionaries. What impression have you made? Look at the Mohammedans, the Chinese, the Hindus,—do you believe in their conversion? Never! You send great and wise men out to represent you abroad, but the good they might do is stopped. The religion of humanity that might move our masses, and take the place of superstition and idolatry, is paralysed for good by your dogmas. Do not think we cannot understand you. Remember," continued his Excellency, "your religion comes from the East; the metaphysics you use are Eastern metaphysics, not Western. We can coin dogmas, like you,—better than you. We know what you mean, and we will not have your dogmas. We will have your benevolence, your charity, your justice and truth, your science of health, your railroads, telegraphs, and manufactures. We will adopt what is good for us; but, rather than have your Christian dogmas, we will have none of these other good things. You force your religion upon us; your Trinity, which is abhorred polytheism in our eyes; your divinity of Jesus, which is to us idolatry; your

eternal punishment, which is in the eyes of many enlightened people among yourselves a degrading and superstitious belief,—and with such like things is Christianity associated,—therefore half your efforts to do us good are in vain. Tell me, are there no men, leaders, teachers of religion among you who can see and understand?" The Persian Minister was intensely earnest. "Who," he asked, "are the heads, the leaders, of this liberal Christianity, of which I sometimes hear? Why do none of your statesmen, ambassadors, consuls, take up this great question,—organise your liberal Christianity? Why cannot you present us with what we can accept, or allow us to accept what we can and will, and so come into some religious contact with you?" I replied that Maurice and Kingsley were names associated with some such wider type of religion; but that since Dr. Stanley, Dean of Westminster, died, liberal Christianity could point to no special centre,—it was a diffused and ever-widening influence. "It is a vital question," said the Persian Minister, "how long are these dogmas to destroy the very spirit and power of your religion abroad? But for them, you might find ready acceptance, and the light of your civilisation and religion might spread rapidly over dark and distant lands. Will your statesmen and missionaries never understand this?"

What is the use of telling us that this keen and anxious man is a "pagan," outside of the one true Church? He is palpably in it, as is every thoughtful, seeking, progressive spirit. The Universal Church, then, cannot be bounded by any geographical limits or conditioned by any priesthood, ritual, sacrament, creed. Like the light, it needs all colours for its perfection. Like music, it needs many notes and tones for the harmony. Every creed has some helpful note, every sect has its contribution to the whole, and the narrowest church of all is that church which tries to feel its differences, and takes no pains to ascertain its agreements, and is not anxious to blend its life with the life of others.

Here, for instance, are two seekers as far apart as Father Ignatius and Annie Besant. The one intensely realises the divine presence, and puts it into a hymn of delicate beauty; the other is only conscious of intense longing, and puts that into a hymn of pathetic yearning. The one, at rest in the present God, whispers,

Hush, let a stillness deep
Brood over every heart;
Let every earthly thought
Now utterly depart.

The other, feeling the farness and the mystery, cries,

Never yet has been broken
The silence eternal:
Never yet has been spoken,
In accents supernal,
God's thought of Himself.

Still the veil is unripen
That hides the All-Holy:
Still no token is given
That satisfies wholly
The cravings of man.

But, unhasting, advances
The march of the ages;
To truth-seekers' glances
Unrolling the pages
Of God's revelation.

These are not contradictory: they are complementary. We need all notes of longing or content to make the harmony complete.

What is true of personal thoughts and feelings is true of organised thoughts and feelings in what we call "the churches." All have their uses, but all must learn to be cosmopolitan, and we must rise even above Christendom to the Brotherhood. Yes, that is the reconciling word. Paul was right: "God hath made of one every nation of men, to dwell on all the face of the earth," and this contains as much good political economy as good religion, and

as much cosmopolitan common-sense as Christian love. Is not that same spirit seen in all the most characteristic movements of our time, for the abolishing of slavery, for the relief of the poor, for the healing of the sick, for the doing away with the spirit of caste? and we cannot leave these out of our reckoning in thinking of religious unity: for what lies at the heart of all these things but the spirit of Brotherhood? and what glorifies and sanctifies, underlies, overarches, and enfolds this human ideal of Human Brotherhood, but the divine ideal of the Fatherhood? Yes! the advance of humanity is the realisation of the thought of God; and it is only in the unity of this advance, as comprehending all forms and forces of human society, that we can see the full significance of the ideal of Jesus, which found expression in his great prayer, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, as it is done in Heaven."

It is here, in our search for the ideal unity, that we come face to face with that which touches the very highest point of religious idealism in our day,—the universality of the true priesthood, not of a sacerdotal order, but of man,—a priesthood whose temple floor is the whole earth, whose altar is for living and not for dying sacrifices, whose incense is the offering of just and gracious deeds,—a priesthood that has for its ritual the daily intercourse of humanity,—a priesthood that knows no consecration but such as is brought by a consecrating affection, which binds together in one holy communion service of loyalty to God, the little maiden, dutifully desiring to learn her letters, and the great statesman, longing for the inspiration that shall lead him wisely through the social jungles of his time. Not yet achieved is this, not yet even consciously approached by the majority, but ever possible, ever before us, as the dream of the best and really greatest of mankind.

The workers for religious unity, then, have to win not only the church but the world. They have to convert not only synods and assemblies, conferences and churches, but cabinets and parliaments, federations and councils. They have to lead to the feet of the great Uniter, clothed and in their right minds, not only bishops and priests, theologians and preachers, but kings and presidents, statesmen and soldiers, princes and labourers, politicians and schoolmasters, merchants and editors, that all may conspire to keep the "green pastures" unsullied, and the "still waters" calm, for the one flock scattered over the continents and islands of the world.

JOHN TYNDALL, A GUIDE INTO THE UNSEEN.

II.

THE two main clues in our hands thus far are Mr. Tyndall's constantly reiterated assertions that in his physical science experiments he has to penetrate into the Unseen at every turn, and that, if we have to follow the commonest phenomena into the Unseen, we are strongly driven to follow life into the Unseen too.

He delighted to use the word "imagination," and laid strong emphasis upon it when he deliberately discoursed on "The Scientific use of the Imagination." Then, speaking of one of his beautiful and subtile experiments, he said,

There is no more wonderful instance than this of the production of a line of thought, from the world of the senses into the region of pure imagination. I mean by imagination here, not that play of fancy which can give to airy nothings a local habitation and a name, but that power which enables the

mind to conceive realities which lie beyond the range of the senses—to present to itself, distinct images of processes which, though mighty in the aggregate beyond all conception, are so minute individually as to elude all observation.

That is important. Thus understood, imagination is really an inner or prolonged vision, by means of which we can follow the known into the unknown, and elevate an inference into evidence. The need of such a faculty of vision beyond the boundary of experiment is seen at once when we call to mind the limited range of what I once called "the human octave." The senses, even when armed with the latest helps, are poor instruments at best. Mr. Tyndall is always clear about this. In his address on "Scientific Materialism," he says,

Two-thirds of the rays emitted by the sun fail to arouse the sense of vision. The rays exist, but the visual organ requisite for their translation into light does not exist. And so, from this region of darkness and mystery which surrounds us, rays may now be darting

which require but the development of the proper intellectual organs to translate them into knowledge as far surpassing ours, as ours surpasses that of the wallowing reptiles which once held possession of this planet.

In like manner, in the lecture on "Radiation," he says,

Nor does the optic nerve embrace the entire range, even of radiation. Some rays, when they reach it, are incompetent to evoke its power, while others never reach it at all, being absorbed by the humours of the eye. To all rays which, whether they reach the

retina or not, fail to excite vision, we give the name of invisible or obscure rays. All non-luminous bodies emit such rays. There is no body in nature absolutely cold, and every body not absolutely cold emits rays of heat.

And yet the eye is absolutely unable to see those rays, but they are there, and it is certain that if we could see them the world would not be the same world to us. From that "region of darkness," which ever surrounds us on an August day as well as in the darkest winter night, there may be always coming rays so wonderful, that, if we could only catch and translate them, we should, as Mr. Tyndall says, be as far beyond our present selves as our present selves are beyond "the wallowing reptiles which once held possession of this planet." Is not that a wonderful thought? What does it suggest when we remember that all we need is a finer, a more receptive, a more subtle sense? Are we going too far when we say that the fine and subtle mystery we call "thought," and its use of the brain, suggest a tremendous inference concerning another stage of being beyond the tabernacle of this flesh? Mr. Tyndall again helps us here in pointing out, as strongly as possible, that nothing physical explains or in any way accounts for thought. In his lecture on "Radiation," he says,

Between the mind of man and the outer world are interposed the nerves of the human body which translate, or enable the mind to

translate, the impressions of the world into facts of consciousness and thought.

Then, in his address on "Scientific Materialism," he produces a fine demonstration that in some way thought or consciousness is not to be accounted for by any mechanism of the brain, or anything else physical. Listen.

The passage from the physics of the brain to the corresponding facts of consciousness is inconceivable as a result of mechanics. Granted that a definite thought and a definite molecular action in the brain occur simultaneously; we do not possess the intellectual organ, nor apparently any rudiment of the organ, which would enable us to pass, by a process of reasoning, from the one to the other. They appear together, but we do not know why. Were our mind and senses so expanded, strengthened, and illuminated as to enable us to see and feel the very molecules of the brain; were we capable of following all their motions, all their groupings, all their electric discharges, if such there be, and were

we intimately acquainted with the corresponding states of thought and feeling, we should be as far as ever from the solution of the problem, "How are these physical processes connected with the facts of consciousness?" The chasm between the two classes of phenomena would still remain intellectually impassible. Let the consciousness of love for example be associated with a right-handed spiral motion of the molecules of the brain, and the consciousness of hate with a left-handed spiral motion. We should then know when we love that the motion is in one direction, and when we hate that the motion is in the other; but the "why?" would remain as unanswerable as before.

We are thus left with consciousness or thought as a phenomenon by itself, which physics do not and cannot account for, and which forces us into the Unseen for a possible explanation and an appropriate sphere. The quotation just given from the address on "Scientific Materialism" goes a long way towards shewing that Mr. Tyndall's so-called "Materialism" was one that admitted a considerable margin in favour of the spiritualist, but in the Belfast address itself (though upon that the charge of "Materialism" was based), he took special pains to shew where he really was, and attentive readers ought to have

seen that he was really nearer to Berkeley than to Bradlaugh, in fact, very much more of an idealist or spiritualist than a "Materialist" in the common acceptation of the term. After seeming to endorse "Materialism," he pulled up and said,

The "Materialism" here professed may be vastly different from what you suppose, and I therefore crave your gracious patience to the end. "The question of an external world," says John Stuart Mill, "is the great battle ground of metaphysics." Mr. Mill himself reduces external phenomena to "possibilities of sensation." Kant, as we have seen, made time and space "forms" of our own intuitions. Fichte, having first by the inexorable logic of his understanding proved himself to be a mere link in that chain of external causation which holds so rigidly in nature, violently broke the chain by making nature, and all that it inherits, an apparition of the mind. And it is by no means easy to combat such notions. For when I say "I see you," and that there is not the least doubt about it, the obvious reply is, that what I am really conscious of is an affection of my own retina. And if I urge that my sight can be checked by touching you, the retort would be that I am equally transgressing the limits of fact; for what I am really

conscious of is, not that you are there, but that the nerves of my hand have undergone a change. All we hear, and see, and touch, and taste, and smell, are, it would be urged, mere variations of our own conditions, beyond which even to the extent of a hair's breadth we cannot go. That anything answering to our impressions exists outside of ourselves is not a fact, but an inference to which all validity would be denied by an idealist like Berkeley, or by a sceptic like Hume. Mr. Spencer takes another line. With him, as with the uneducated man, there is no doubt or question as to the existence of an external world. But he differs from the uneducated, who think that the world really is what consciousness represents it to be. Our states of consciousness are mere symbols of an outside entity which produces them and determines the order of their succession, but the real nature of which we can never know. In fact, the whole process of evolution is the manifestation of a power absolutely inscrutable to the intellect of man.

"To whom," said he, in his address on "Scientific Materialism," "to whom has this arm of the Lord been revealed. Let us lower our heads and acknowledge our ignorance, priest and philosopher, one and all." Willingly, but while acknowledging our ignorance, denial is barred, though hope and inspiration are not, and if we are taken, as we are taken by Mr. Tyndall, into the world of consciousness and thought, rather than to the external world of the mere "Materialist" for the realities, if we are to conclude that "things are not what they seem," and that we only know feelings and not objects, then hope and aspiration are free to try vast experiments, and to suggest vast thoughts;—this among the number, that consciousness and thought may survive the crumbling away of that matter which was never more than a mere vehicle or instrument in the world of mind; and this also, that mind is master and not slave, and belongs to the world of realities behind all these merely physical appearances, in which even now it exists and works, and to which it properly belongs.

THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD CRISIS.

EVERYONE should take the trouble to watch the struggle for the Board Schools of London. In an evil day the Liberals and Nonconformists allowed "religious teaching" to intrude into the schools, and patched up what is now called a "compromise," "compromise" meaning an attempt to get religion taught without dogma, or, indeed, anything definite. It was expected that if the teacher got the Bible put into his hands, with the instruction to be colourless, he would do very well. It was also expected that the theological and Church people would always be content with that. But that was always a vain imagination, and now, of course, the unexpected has happened. A fairly strong orthodox and clerical party has the pull, and it has at length shewn its hand. It intends to "capture the Board Schools," if it can, and the poor Liberals and Nonconformists are in a hole, as we predicted years ago. The following extract from a letter by Mr. Page Hopps, in the *Daily Chronicle*, brings the subject up to date.

It may be desirable to explain that Mr. Riley is the leader of the orthodox and clerical party, and that Dr. Clifford is a very prominent advocate of the "compromise," a sturdy Nonconformist, and a right good Liberal, but fairly in Mr. Riley's net.

My decided conviction is that our true policy is to oppose consistency with consistency; and that we shall never have rest until we get down to the solid rock of a principle. The only principle worth caring or contending for is that public schools, set up by Parliament, governed by public bodies, supported by public money, and kept full by public compulsion, should deal only with subjects about which we can all agree—should be, in short, purely secular. I dislike the word, but its meaning is clear. Dr. Clifford says that the compromise has worked fairly well, and he cites a report which says: "In no school is religious instruction slurred. On the contrary, the majority of teachers put their soul into this service." Precisely; but that is just what is the matter. No one is more anxious than Mr. Riley that religious instruction should not be slurred, and that the teachers should put their souls into it. But this is not only a gross violation of a principle, it is sure to lead to endless controversy, for every fresh Board will want its own patent religion adopted, and the result will be, as now, that education will be swamped by theological warfare, sickening enough anywhere, but almost brutal when

you load your dice and play for the nation's schools.

Mr. Riley and his raiders are logical, and Dr. Clifford, in the oddest kind of way, admits it; but he says, "Persecutors are always logical, if you allow them their first assumptions." But I do not allow Mr. Riley his first assumptions. I proceed upon Dr. Clifford's first assumption. It is not Mr. Riley who assumes that "religious instruction" must be given in Board schools. It is Dr. Clifford who assumes that, and who is pleased to quote evidence that it is done thoroughly. That is where Mr. Riley's logic comes in. He only asks to be allowed to fully carry out Dr. Clifford's own doctrine; and I submit that the only man who can effectually and finally shut out these men with their theological fishing tackle and their priestly tests is the man who says, These schools belong to the public, and not to you, and they must be kept solely for subjects such as we can receive and be rated for in common. There is no safety anywhere else. "Let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come at last."

TAP THE BIG BARRELS.

IF rumour is not romancing, the Chancellor of the Exchequer is meditating a stroke which, not merely for its own sake, but as a sign of the times, will be nearer revolution than the Parish Councils Bill, even in its un mutilated condition. A graduated income tax is the very acme of democratic aspiration, as an outward and visible sign of the sensible Socialism which will come with our next move on. Wealth, in this country, has a tragic side. It tends to multiply power, on the side of wealth, too rapidly and too surely; and there is a truth underlying the unreasonable Socialistic growl, that wealth is created and piled up by struggling poverty. "Unto him that hath shall be given" states an almost awful truth, and it surely follows that "from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath"—a tragic paradox, and true.

Beyond a certain point, the possession of enormous wealth is something of a social peril, and, beyond that point, two things the community have a right to do,—discourage its growth, and make it bear the burdens. The men we call the successful are, as a rule, those who have profited by the labours, the experiments, and, often, the losses of others; and, in any case, their success is made possible by the accumulated experiences and winnings of the community, the successful man being, much more frequently than we usually admit, the man who just got the pull, and then hauled away and utilised those who just fell short. If that does not suggest "ransom" we do not know what does. A graduated Income Tax, and discriminations between incomes, would make the burdens follow the flow of the stream, and leave the stranded comparatively free.

Let us tap the big barrels. A strong Chancellor of the Exchequer, who will trample tradition down and do it, will be memorable.

CONCERNING OUR NATIONAL HOUSEKEEPING.

A PLETHORA OF BUSINESS.—It is to be hoped that our legislators, after their short breathing space, have returned to the political treadmill in a chastened frame of mind. All thoughtful persons, Liberals and Tories alike, must be fully aware that, as at present regulated, the House of Commons is almost dangerously congested. During the past thirty years, we have gone two-thirds of the way through a kind of revolution, and we are now hopelessly

trying to live as though nothing had happened. The standard of everything has been altered, and subjects of interest and urgency have multiplied on every hand. To say nothing of anything else, the number of people who care about politics and the world's "causes" have been trebled during these past thirty years. Parliament feels the consequences in a variety of ways. Hence the need for doing in politics what we have had to do in business;—unite forces but divide duties. It is a miserable thing that we are always in danger of being thwarted and worried with our own labels, and this is one of the minor miseries of moving in "parties." It might be a real mercy, for instance, if we could never hear again the phrase "Home Rule." To some people it is what "that blessed word, Mesopotamia," was to the dear old lady who loved her Bible, while, to others, it is like a very red rag to a very irritable (John) Bull. Let us call it Irish housekeeping, or minding one's own business, or carrying one's own bundle, or sitting under one's own vine and fig tree. But call it what we will, the need for sub-division of labour is more than urgent. The old reservoir at Westminster is bursting. Its hundreds of "questions" per day; its congestion of business almost as soon as the shutters are down; its excited attempts at obstruction; its invention of the closure; its pitiful parsimony of time in voting away millions; its killing hours, and the hectic flush over all its operations, only too surely indicate the difficulty and the danger. The remedy is plain. We must do at Westminster what men of business have learnt to do all over the world; we must apportion the work; we must create self-acting machines in various localities for doing the work of governing. It is not a question of surrendering power or of dividing plunder. It is a question of doing urgent and necessary business; and it is the duty of every patriot to face it, and find out the path of least resistance.

A PLETHORA OF PLUCK.—We still hear a little of the old wild talk about fighting if we lay upon the Irish people the duty of pushing their own truck, though we have cooed down a little since Lord Claude Hamilton said, "If it should ever be necessary for the loyal population of Ireland to defend their homes and liberties they would not be left alone. There are thousands in Scotland, Lancashire, and London, who, if they saw the people of Ulster struggling for their homes, would go over and fight and help them." And so say all of us. But, like sensible people, the majority of us—in the end, the whole of us—will wait till we are wanted. The old-fashioned education fully recognised the desirability of not crying out till you were hurt; and even the most uncouth acted up to the maxim, "if you hit me, I'll hit you." We have not improved upon the old style if, before being hit, we not only cry out but threaten to fight. It is a time for grave reflection, not for giving way to hysterics; and the urgent need of the hour is—a level head and a generous heart.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

"Personal and social Christianity." Sermons and Addresses by the late Russell Lant Carpenter, B.A. With a short memoir by Frances E. Cooke. Edited by J. Estlin Carpenter, M.A. London: Kegan Paul & Co. Mr. Lant Carpenter was one of those good soldiers by whom, after all, the great battles have to be fought and won, and without whom the "leaders" would be useless. Only a comparative few knew of his existence, but these knew that he was "an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile." He needed no leader and no word of command. Simple, gentle, inconspicuous, but, true as the compass and firm as a rock, he lived his own beautiful and useful life, and this book is the modest record of it, as some indication of the influence and the man.

"Heart beats." By P. C. Mozoomdar, with a biographical sketch of the author, by S. J. Barrows. Boston (U.S.): G. H. Ellis. A book of wise and delicate religious thoughts, to which the word spiritual very strongly applies. The East still has its message for the West, and the provincialism of modern Christianity may yet find its remedy in the universalism of a Theism which, on its part, has found a fertilising germ in Christianity.

The book is prettily printed, and has a good index and clever portrait of the author.

"Merrie England." By Nunquam. London: Clarion Office, Fleet Street. It would be a long way from the fact if we said that we agree with half the statements or inferences in this remarkable publication, but it is the barest truth to say that there are not many books of the day better worth attention. It is alive, blazing, cutting, kicking, with the problems of the hour, and evidently written by some one who is soaked through and through with the "living water" of which the Gospels speak. The style reminds one of Cobbett, but Cobbett up to the times, with a touch of Bradlaugh, [Henry George, and the *Referee*. It is indeed a book for the hour, and should be specially read by the people who will be offended by it, and these are capitalists, masters, manufacturers, coal owners, political economists, conservative clergymen, and official Liberals. Some other people will not be "offended" by it, but will once more sigh to think of the waste of power squandered over Socialism of the William Morris kind. And yet—and yet—even these exaggerations may be needed to awaken thought.

LIGHT ON THE PATH.

MR. STEAD EXPERIMENTS.—In order to know how it feels to do a three-hour turn on the street for supper, bed and breakfast, Mr. Stead has been disguising himself, in Chicago, and getting the job as one of the unemployed. It is very good of him, but quite useless as a way of finding out "how it feels." Mr. Stead's feelings would not and could not be the feelings of the genuine unemployed—except in a few cases. Exposure and waiting about would mean one thing to him, and quite another thing to men who are used to it. But if going with the gang and doing the three-hour turn would not throw much light on how it feels to the gang, the experiment might yield rich results in exposing official folly or misdoing of any kind. It was so in Mr. Stead's case.

BLACKGUARDS AT PLAY.—Good luck to Mr. A. C. Morton, who has introduced a Humanitarian League Bill into Parliament! It is very short. Here is the whole of it:—A Bill to prohibit the hunting, coursing, and shooting of animals kept in confinement. Be it enacted by the Queen's most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, as follows:—

1.—(1) any person who either—(a) takes part or assists in the hunting, coursing, or shooting of any animal which has been kept in confinement, and is released for the purpose of such hunting, coursing, or shooting; or (b) keeps or uses, or assists in the management of any place for the purpose of such hunting, coursing, or shooting, or permits any place to be so used, shall be liable, on conviction in manner provided by the Summary Jurisdiction Acts, to a penalty not exceeding *twenty pounds*

for each day on which he commits such offence. (2) Any person who receives money for the admission of any other person to any place kept or used for the purpose aforesaid shall be deemed to be the keeper of that place. (3) This Act shall not apply to the shooting of any bird which has been released before the day when such shooting takes place. 2.—This Act may be cited as the Sport Regulation Act, 1894.

THE UNSEEN.—If there is in England a man who is worthy to be called a scientific master in Israel, that man is Alfred Russel Wallace. His paper, read at the Chicago Congress, on "The growth of opinion as to obscure psychical phenomena during the last fifty years," was a plain, unvarnished tale from which Mr. Huxley, with his dry and thin scoffing (to say nothing of smaller men), might learn much. Dr. Wallace ends his paper

with this frank and, let us hope, fruitful testimony:—"This very brief and very imperfect sketch of the progress of opinion on the questions this Congress has met to discuss leads us, I think, to some valuable and reassuring conclusions. We are taught, first, that human nature is not so wholly and utterly the slave of delusion as has sometimes been alleged, since almost every alleged superstition is now shown to have had a basis of fact. Secondly, those who believe, as I do, that spiritual beings can and do, subject to general laws and for certain purposes, communicate with us, and even produce material effects in the world around us, must see in the steady advance of inquiry and of interest in these questions, the assurance that, so far as their beliefs are logical deductions from the phenomena they have witnessed, those beliefs will at no distant date be accepted by all truth-seeking inquirers."

A GLIMPSE.

A little country town. A lonely old lady in her Bath chair, with ninety years of beautiful love and cheery kindness to bless her, and claim for her the world's good will. The attendant stops at a neighbour's door, the neighbour standing there. Bright smiles, a thin ripple of friendly greetings, and a hand held out from beneath the hood. The neighbour takes the offered hand. Then "Good morning."

Presently this note arrives from the neighbour:—"Madam, It was quite a mistake my shaking hands with you this morning. Till after I had done so, I thought it was Miss Smith, who often speaks to me from the same chair. Pardon me for speaking plainly, but I would not knowingly shake hands with a Unitarian. I know you to be a kind, amiable lady, but an avowed unbeliever in the Lord Jesus Christ; and the word of the living God is very plain in John iii. 36. It is 'He that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him.' In John viii., 24, the Lord himself said, 'If ye believe not that I am He, ye shall die in your sins.' I cannot help shuddering when I see you in such an awful position: for those who are not sheltered by the Blood of the Son of God nothing but judgment awaits them. But the

door is still open while it is called to-day, for 'Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved.' May you be brought to see your danger, and the only way of escape ere it be too late.—Yours faithfully, —"

The writer of this note probably thought she was doing her duty. In our opinion, misdirected religious zeal made her rude, a coward, and almost a brute. Let anyone consider what such an assault might mean to a solitary lady of ninety, who had seen many sorrows. Is there, in that little town, a pot-house tinker, a rough labourer, an ignorant washerwoman, who could have behaved worse? Is there one who would have behaved as badly?

The friend who sends us this letter says:—"You are interested in survivals, so I send you the enclosed. Think of it coming to the generous loving-hearted old ——. What a cruel rebuff to a gracious greeting! What a cruel letter to send to an old, old, lonely woman! She says she would like you to see what was said to your old friend. Fortunately she sees the comic side, and does not trouble herself, but her assailant cannot know that her blow would be like water on a duck's back. Poor old Bible! Poor Jesus!"

NOTES BY THE WAY.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—This, by Max O'Rell, is really very pretty, and much to the purpose:—"Your lords, temporal and spiritual, are very much like our aristocracy in the time of Voltaire. Once the Duke of Lauzan ejected Voltaire from a box which he had taken and paid for at the Théâtre Français. Voltaire pleaded. 'What!' exclaimed the counsel for the Duke, 'is it M. de Voltaire who dares to plead against the Duke de Lauzan, whose great-grandfather was the first on the walls of La Rochelle, whose grandfather took many cannons from the Dutch at Utrecht, whose father captured two standards from the English at Fontenoy, whose——' 'Oh! but excuse me,' interrupted Voltaire in the court, 'I am not pleading against the Duke of Lauzan, who was first at La Rochelle, nor against the Duke who took cannons from the Dutch, nor against the Duke who captured English standards at Fontenoy; I am pleading against the Duke of Lauzan, who never captured anything in his life except my box at the Théâtre Français' How many of your actual lords have never captured anything except the rights of the people!"

MR. BALFOUR'S "FLIGHTS OF ELOQUENCE."—The following appeared in a London Conservative paper:—"The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour appeared yesterday afternoon before a closely packed audience at the Westminster Town Hall, as President of the Society for Psychical Research, and delivered an address which was pregnant with deep thought and brilliant suggestion. He was in his best form, and for nearly an hour he spoke extempore on the difficult and dangerous topics that engage the attention of the peculiar body over which he presides. Among his happiest flights of eloquence was the contrast which he drew between, &c." Here is the account which *Light* gives of Mr. Balfour's "best form," and his "pregnant" and "brilliant" address with its "happiest flights of eloquence":—"The speaker, for some reason or another, seemed ill at ease. He digressed, hesitated, repeated himself, and half a dozen times appeared as though he was about to break down.

It was not easy to say why. There was nothing novel or deep in his address. It was, in fact, all very elementary; and yet he wrestled with his thoughts and pulled hard at his sentences. But, though the speech was rather crude and badly digested, there was some ingenious thinking in it. The men of science were forgiven for their past neglect of occult things, but were now challenged to open their eyes and be teachable. The phenomena investigated and demonstrated by the S.P.R. were called "odd"; that is to say, were such as did not fit in with the ascertained and generally accepted theory of the Universe and Life. But they suggested new causes, explanations and powers, and were therefore of enormous importance. Perhaps one cause of Mr. Balfour's evident want of ease was the haunting feeling that he had to dance a kind of egg or sword dance between Agnosticism, Science, the pessimistic Philosophy, the average man of the world, and Spiritualism. One minor instance of this occurred when naturally he would have said "spirits," but, instead of that, he said "intelligences not endowed with a physical organisation"; and the queer designation came out slowly, as from a rather complicated machine. To tell the truth, Mr. Balfour seemed rather frightened, and acutely anxious not to speak too plainly."

THE GRAND OLD SUNFLOWER.—A writer in *The Speaker* tells us the following story:—"A *propos* of Mr. Gladstone's living from day to day, I am reminded of an old saying of Mr. Bright's regarding him. 'Cobden and I,' said Bright, 'always knew the point we wished to reach, and made straight for it; and having got there we stopped. Mr. Gladstone has gone upon a different method. He may not have seen so clearly as we did the exact point he wished to reach; but, on the other hand, he has never been inclined to stop at any particular point. Like the sunflower, he is always turning towards the light.'" This explains much concerning Mr. Gladstone, and it has a bearing upon the singular finale to Mr. Bright's splendid career.

HAWTHORNE BUDS.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY JOHN TINKLER.

"I have read *"Transformation"* seven times. I read it when it appeared, as I read everything from that English master. I read it again when I expected to visit Rome, then when on the way to Rome, again while in Rome, and afterwards to revive my impressions of Rome. Recently I read it again because I wanted to."—DEAN STANLEY.

- 1.—THE reason of the minute superiority of nature's work over man's is, that the former works from the innermost germ, while the latter works merely superficially.—*Notebook*.
- 2.—THE wisest people and the best keep a steadfast faith that the progress of mankind is onward and upward.—*The Sister Years*.
- 3.—IT is one great advantage of a gregarious mode of life, that each person rectifies his mind by other minds, and squares his conduct to that of his neighbours, as seldom to be lost in eccentricity.—*Peter Goldthwaite's Treasure*.
- 4.—IT seems to me that there is no chasm, nor any hideous emptiness under our feet, except what the evil within us digs.—*Transformation*.
- 5.—WHAT is called poetic insight is the gift of discerning, in this sphere of strangely-mingled elements, the beauty and the majesty which are compelled to assume a garb so sordid.—*The House of the Seven Gables*.
- 6.—WHEN we ridicule the triteness of monumental verses, we forget that sorrow reads far deeper in them than we can. . . . She makes the epitaph anew, though the selfsame words may have served for a thousand graves.—*Chippings with a Chisel*.
- 7.—IT is for the high interests of the world not to insist upon finding out that its greatest men are, in a certain lower sense, very much the same kind of men as the rest of us, and often a little worse; because a common mind cannot properly digest such a discovery, nor ever know the true proportion of the great man's good and evil, nor how small a part of him it was that touched our muddy or dusty earth.—*Recollections of a Gifted Woman*.
- 8.—A DREAMER may dwell so long among fantasies, that the things without him will seem as unreal as those within.—*Night Sketches*.
- 9.—IF we would know what heaven is before we come thither, let us retire into the depths of our own spirits, and we shall find it there among holy thoughts and feelings.—*Notebook*.
- 10.—THE dying melt into the great multitude of the departed as quietly as a drop of water into the ocean, and, it may be, are conscious of no unfamiliarity with their new circumstances, but immediately become aware of an insufferable strangeness in the world which they have quitted. Death has not taken them away, but brought them home.—*Our Old Home*.
- 11.—NIGHT-WANDERERS through a stormy and dismal world, if we bear the lamp of faith, enkindled at a celestial fire, it will surely lead us home to that Heaven whence its radiance was borrowed.—*Night Sketches*.
- 12.—I FIND nothing so singular in life as that everything appears to lose its substance the instant one actually grapples with it.—*The House of the Seven Gables*.
- 13.—IT is not, we hope, irreverent to say that the Creator gave us our world in a certain sense unfinished, and left it to the ingenuity of man to bring it to the highest perfection of which finite and physical things are capable.—*Comparative Longevity*.
- 14.—A LITTLE light makes a glory for those who live habitually in a great gloom.—*Our Old Home*.
- 15.—THE young and pure are not apt to find out that miserable truth. . . . that sin is in the world. . . . until it is brought home to them by the guiltiness of some trusted friend.—*Transformation*.
- 16.—WE go all wrong by too strenuous a resolution to go all right.—*Transformation*.
- 17.—THE surest fame is that which comes after a man's death.—*Grandfather's Chair*.

18.—A SENSIBLE man had better not let himself be betrayed into attempts to realise the things which he has dreamed about, and which, when they cease to be purely ideal in his mind, will have lost the truest of their truth.—*Our Old Home*.

19.—IN God's own time we would fain be buried as our fathers were. If somewhat of our soul and intellect might live in the memory of man, we should be glad. But what belongs to the earth, let the earth take it.—*Notes*.

20.—THERE might be a more miserable torture than to be solitary for ever. Think of having a single companion in eternity, and instead of finding any consolation, or at all events, variety of torture, to see your own weary, weary sin repeated in that inseparable soul.—*Transformation*.

21.—THE enemies of a great and good man can in no other way make him so glorious as by giving him the crown of martyrdom.—*Grandfather's Chair*.

22.—KEEP the imagination sane, that is one of the truest conditions of communion with Heaven.—*Notebook*.

23.—PROVIDENCE seldom vouchsafes to mortals any more than just that degree of encouragement which suffices to keep them at a reasonably full exertion of their powers.—*The House of the Seven Gables*.

24.—CHRISTIAN faith is a grand cathedral, with divinely pictured windows. Standing without, you see no glory, nor can possibly imagine any; standing within, every ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendours.—*Transformation*.

25.—FACTS, as we really find them, whatever poetry they may involve, are covered with a

stony excrescence of prose, resembling the crust on a beautiful sea-shell, and they never show their most delicate and divinest colors until we shall have dissolved away their grosser actualities by steeping them long in a powerful menstruum of thought.—*Our Old Home*.

26.—You know not what is requisite for your spiritual growth, seeking, as you do, to keep your soul perpetually in the unwholesome region of remorse. It was needful for you to pass through that dark valley; but it is infinitely dangerous to linger there too long.—*Transformation*.

27.—IN dreams the conscience sleeps, and we often stain ourselves with guilt of which we should be incapable in our waking moments.—*Transformation*.

28.—IT is very queer, but not the less true, that people are generally quite as vain, or even more so, of their deficiencies, than of their available gifts.—*The House of the Seven Gables*.

29.—LAUGHTER, when out of place, mistimed, or bursting forth from a disordered state of feeling, may be the most terrible modulation of the human voice.—*Ethan Brand*.

30.—IT is a comfortable thought, that the smallest and most turbid mud-puddle can contain its own picture of Heaven. Let us remember this, when we feel inclined to deny all spiritual life to some people, in whom, nevertheless, our Father may perhaps see the image of His face.—*Notebook*.

31.—THE life of the fitting moment, existing in the antique shell of an age gone by, has a fascination which we do not find in either the past or present, taken by themselves.—*Transformation*.

FOR EASTER MORNING.

Little one, you must not fret
That I take your clothes away;
Better sleep you so will get,
And at morning wake more gay—
Saith the children's mother.

You I must unclothe again,
For you need a better dress;
Too much worn are body and brain;
You need everlastingness—
Saith the heavenly Father.

I went down death's lonely stair,
Laid my garments in the tomb;
Dressed again one morning fair,
Hastened up, and hid me home—
Saith the elder brother.

Then I will not be afraid
Any ill can come to me;
When 'tis time to go to bed,
I will rise and go with thee—
Saith the little brother.

GEORGE MACDONALD.